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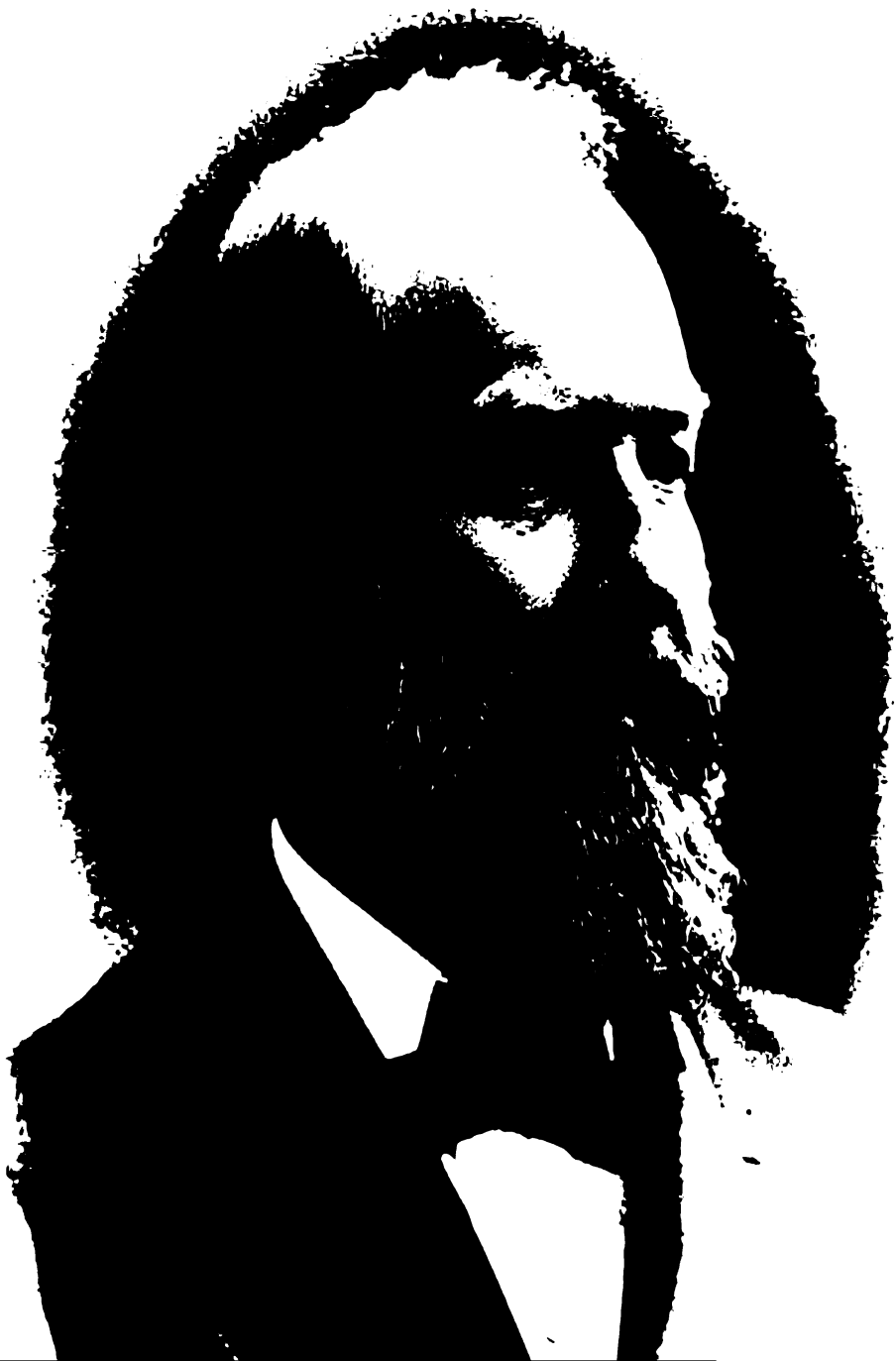

Memorial services on the occasion of the burial of James A. Garfield ...

Newark, N.J. Citizens

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MEMORIAL SERVICES

ON THE OCCASION OF

THE BURIAL

OF

JAMES A. GARFIELD,

Twentieth President of the United States,

OBSERVED AT NEWARK, N. J.,

September 26th, 1881.

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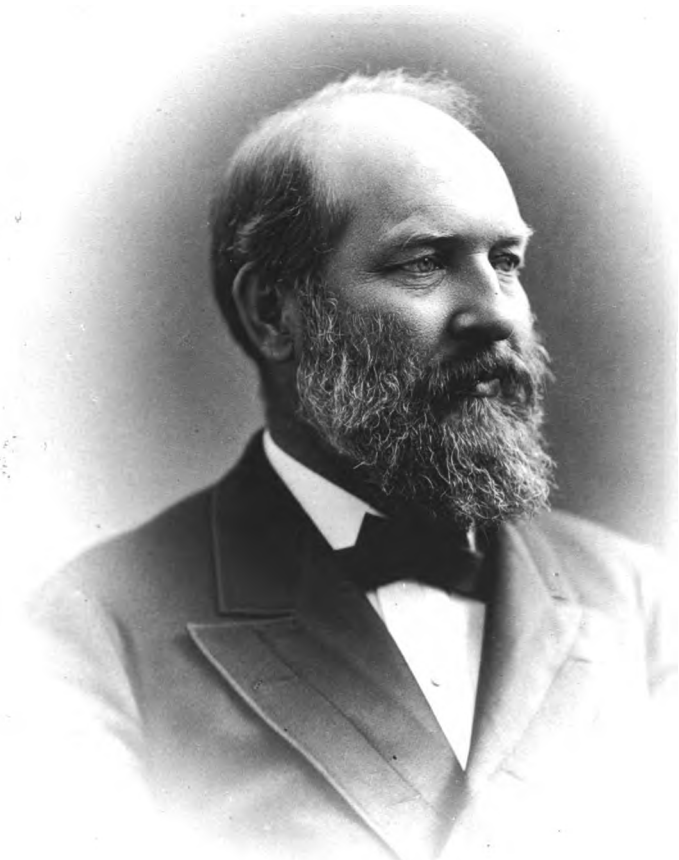

J. A. Garfield

ARTOTYPE. E. BIERSTADT N. Y.

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In Memoriam.

"Life's work well done.
Life's race well run.
Life's crown well won.
Now comes rest."

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L. J. HARDHAM, PRINTER, MARKET STREET, NEWARK, N. J.

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RECORD.

SEPTEMBER 20.

In accordance with a special call made by Samuel S. Sargeant, President, the Board of Directors of the Board of Trade of the City of Newark met in their rooms, 764 Broad street, at 8 P. M. Of the Directors, the following gentlemen were present: Samuel S. Sargeant, President of the Board; George A. Halsey, Vice-President; Thomas B. Peddie, William A. Righter, Dr. C. S. Stockton, Col. E. L. Joy, William H. Baldwin, George B. Jenkinson, Henry M. Crowell, Frederick S. Fish, P. T. Quinn, Secretary. By special invitation, the following-named gentlemen met with the Directors: William H. F. Fiedler, Mayor of the City; William H. Francis, State Senator; Dr. H. H. Tichenor, Oba Woodruff, William O. McDowell, A. M. Holbrook, Charles H. Harrison. Mr. Sargeant, in calling the meeting to order, spoke in feeling terms upon the death of the President, and stated that the meeting of the Directors had been called for the purpose of inaugurating a public demonstration of bereavement, and that invitations had been sent to his Honor, the Mayor, and several prominent citizens, to meet with the Directors, in order that the citizens in general and the Board of Trade might act in concert. Mayor Fiedler, on the part of the citizens, spoke of the great sorrow all felt, and said he would be glad to co-operate with the Board of Trade in holding memorial services on Monday, the 26th, the day appointed for the burial of the President; that he intended to order all the

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public offices and schools closed on that day. Appropriate remarks were made by Hon. Thomas B. Peddie, Col. E. L. Joy, and others present. Dr. C. S. Stockton offered the resolution, "That a memorial service be held on the day of the funeral of our late President; and that the Mayor of the City, the President of the Board of Trade, and the Hon. Thomas B. Peddie, be a committee, with power to add to their number, to make all necessary preparations for said memorial services." This resolution having been agreed to, the committee of three named in the resolution withdrew, and subsequently reported that they had added to their number the following gentlemen: George A. Halsey, Dr. C. S. Stockton, August A. Sippel, W. E. Pine, W. A. Righter, Judge F. H. Teese, Dr. H. H. Tichenor, Col. E. L. Joy, W. H. Baldwin, F. S. Fish, Judge F. A. Johnson, C. Nugent, L. Graf, George B. Jenkinson, John Dwyer, Dr. F. Ill and Oba Woodruff, and announced that a meeting of this Committee would be held in the Board of Trade rooms on the following morning, at 10 o'clock.

SEPTEMBER 21.

The Citizen's Committee met in the Board of Trade rooms at 10 A. M. The following gentlemen were present: Mayor Fiedler, Judge Teese, F. S. Fish, Finlay A. Johnson, C. Nugent, Wm. H. Baldwin, S. S. Sargeant, Dr. C. S. Stockton, A. A. Sippel, Wm. A. Righter, Thomas B. Peddie. Mayor Fiedler was elected President, and F. S. Fish Secretary. Senator William H. Francis, William O. McDowell, A. M. Holbrook, H. M. Crowell, C. H. Harrison and J. E. Fleming were added to the Committee. It was decided that the services should consist of a demonstration in the nature of a parade and a mass meeting; that the following sub-committees should be appointed by the Chair: Finance, Hall and Decorations,

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Speakers, Music, Invitations and Parade; that Lieut.-Col. E. W. Davis be invited to act as Grand Marshal, and that he be added to the General Committee. The following address to civic and military organizations was adopted, and the papers were requested to publish it:

The Citizen's Committee appointed by the Board of Trade to make arrangements for the parade and memorial services in honor of our late President, desire to extend to all military and civic organizations of the city a cordial invitation to take part in such parade, and request them each to send a representative to meet with the sub-Committee on Parade (Col. E. W. Davis, Chairman), on to-morrow and Friday evenings, at the Board of Trade rooms, No. 764 Broad street, at 8 o'clock. The Finance Committee, consisting of Messrs. Joy, Halsey, L. Graf, Sargeant and Peddie, will be happy to receive contributions from all interested.

It was decided to hold meetings of the Committee of Arrangements every evening at 8 o'clock, and every morning at 10 o'clock.

The Chairman announced the following sub-Committees:

Finance—E. L. Joy, George A. Halsey, L. Graf, S. S. Sargeant, Thomas B. Peddie.

Hall and Decorations—Dr. H. H. Tichenor, John Dwyer, F. S. Fish, C. Nugent, William E. Pine, Henry M. Crowell.

Speakers—William A. Righter, Dr. F. Ill, Oba Woodruff, Dr. C. S. Stockton, George B. Jenkinson.

Music—August A. Sippel, Finlay A. Johnson, William H. Baldwin, F. H. Teese, A. M. Holbrook.

Invitations—Mayor Fiedler, George A. Halsey, William H. Baldwin, Col. E. L. Joy, William H. Francis.

Parade—Col. E. W. Davis, F. A. Johnson, William O. McDowell, F. S. Fish, A. A. Sippel, Col. J. E. Fleming.

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PROCLAMATION BY THE GOVERNOR.

STATE OF NEW JERSEY, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT:

The deplorable event, against whose coming the people of this country have so earnestly hoped, has reached us. James A. Garfield, the President of the United States, is dead. He died, not as have so many of his predecessors, in the fulness of years, with his labors completed, but at the very threshold of the proudest era of his life, in the prime of his manhood, and at the hands of an assassin who struck but to gratify the basest personal malice and the most despicable personal hopes. Such a death is a national calamity, and must cause universal grief. In detestation of the crime, in admiration of the heroism with which the stricken President met his fate, in the earnest hope that the Ruler of the Universe may, in His goodness and mercy, avert from us any repetition of so terrible a misfortune, and in manifestation of the sorrow which now fills all hearts, I, George C. Ludlow, Governor of the State of New Jersey, do hereby recommend that the people of this State do observe Monday, the 26th of September, instant, the day appointed for the obsequies of the late President of the United States, by draping the public buildings in mourning, by the closing of places of business throughout the day, and by the assembling for prayer and other appropriate religious services in their usual places of worship, at the hour of 11 o'clock in the forenoon of that day.

Given under my hand and privy seal at Trenton, this twenty-first day of September, A. D. 1881.

G. C. LUDLOW, *Governor.*

Attest—JOSEPH L. NAAR, *Private Secretary.*

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PROCLAMATION BY THE MAYOR.

NEWARK, N. J., Sept. 22, 1881.

Whereas, Monday, September 26th inst., has been designated as the day when the remains of the late President James A. Garfield will be consigned to the grave; and as it is befitting on this occasion to pay a tribute of respect for the memory of the distinguished dead, who has endeared himself to the hearts of the American people, and who has shown on his bed of suffering an example of patience and endurance unparalleled in the history of our country,

Therefore, I, Wm. H. F. Fiedler, Mayor of Newark, respectfully request that in manifestation of public sorrow at the national affliction, all citizens refrain from their usual avocations, that business be suspended, and all places of business be closed on Monday next, throughout the entire day, so that every person may have an opportunity to participate in the demonstration of grief and respect to our late noble Chief Magistrate.

The offices of the city government are hereby ordered closed during that day.

It is also ordered that bells on all public buildings shall be tolled from 2 to 4 P. M., and I would respectfully request the church societies in possession of bells to have them tolled simultaneously.

WM. H. F. FIEDLER, *Mayor.*

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SEPTEMBER 22.

The Committee on Parade reported the following arrangements:

The procession shall consist of five divisions, which shall form at 2 P. M. and move at 2.30 P. M., in the following order: The first division on High street, north of Central avenue; the second division on High street, south of Central avenue, right resting on Central avenue; third division on Plane street, south of Central avenue, right resting on Central avenue; fourth division on Washington street, south of Central avenue, right resting on Central avenue; fifth division on Halsey street, south of Central avenue, right resting on Central avenue. The line of march shall be: down Central avenue to Washington street, up Washington street to Broad, down Broad to Clinton avenue, to High street, to Market street, to Mulberry street, to Clinton street, to Broad street, and dismiss. A feature of this parade shall be a catafalque, drawn by six horses led by grooms in mourning. The first division shall consist of the National Guard, under command of Maj.-Gen. Plume. The second division shall consist of Posts of G. A. R. veteran organizations and the catafalque, with Damascus Commandery, Knights Templar, as a guard of honor, under the command of Assistant Marshal S. V. C. Van Rensselaer. The third division shall consist of all civic organizations, under the command of Assistant Marshal John Muller. The fourth division shall consist of the Citizen's Committee, orators of the day, Mayor, city officials and invited guests in carriages, and citizens generally on horseback and in carriages, in command of Assistant Marshal James F. Connelly. The fifth division shall consist of the children of the public schools in vehicles, commanded by Assistant Marshal John S. Hughson. The Fire Department shall be invited to parade and compose the sixth division, which shall be massed on Halsey street, right resting on Warren street, under command of Chief Engineer Benedict. The Marshals designated by the Committee, and Henry Dengler, were added to the General Committee.

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SEPTEMBER 23.

A communication was received from Ald. Sandford, Chairman of the Fourth of July Committee of the Common Council, stating that the carriages engaged for the Fourth of July for the Common Council could be used on this occasion; that the bands had been paid, and bells were to be rung and salutes fired on the same understanding. The Common Council Committee was invited to meet with this Committee.

The Chief Engineer of the Fire Department notified the Committee that the Department would participate in the parade, with the engines draped.

The Committee on Music reported that there would be at least eight singing societies in line in the parade.

The Committee on Parade were requested to have minute guns fired during the parade.

The following request was directed to be issued:

The Citizen's Committee making preparations for the parade in honor of the late President Garfield next Monday, desire to especially urge all societies intending to participate in the parade, to send their names, and the number of men they will turn out, to the Committee, at the Board of Trade rooms, No. 764 Broad street, as early as possible this afternoon, and not later than this evening.

The Freemasons reported they would parade by consent of authority on Monday about 1,000 strong, in regalia and mourning.

At the evening meeting of the Committee, in response to invitation, the Committee on Fourth of July Celebration of the Common Council, consisting of George B. Sandford, Chairman; Martin B. Provost, William Bonnet, William Carrolton and Adam Turkes, were present, and through their chairman, stated that they had passed a resolution, tendering to this Committee all the services

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they had contracted for the Fourth of July Celebration; their proffer was accepted, and the members of the Common Council Committee were added to the Citizen's Committee. On motion, the clergymen of the city were invited to take part in the parade, and an invitation was sent to one clergyman from each denomination to take a seat upon the platform at the evening services. The Committee on Speakers announced that Hon. Theodore Runyon, Chancellor of the State, had been invited to preside at the evening meeting, and Judge C. S. Titsworth and Hon. A. Q. Keasbey, United States District Attorney, to deliver the addresses.

SEPTEMBER 26.

The day was clear and bright, but intensely hot; During the morning signs of preparations could be seen throughout the entire city. All places of business of every kind were closed, the ringing of church bells and quiet of the city gave an impression that of Sunday.

At eleven the members of the various denominations gathered in their respective churches and held appropriate religious services.

At one o'clock all the main streets of the city began to be filled with marching bodies of men, uniformed and ununiformed, some with bands playing solemn airs, others moving silently, all wearing the emblem of mourning, flags and banners draped. The city itself presented a very mournful appearance. During the week, owners and tenants of business and dwelling-houses had in some instances lavishly decorated their buildings. Probably in no other city were the decorations more beautiful and impressive. The Parade Committee acted as the Staff of the Grand Marshal, Col. E. W. Davis. Promptly at the time appointed the head of the grand column moved, and in one hour and a half after, the end of the line

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began to move, the whole procession then marching in the following order:

FIRST DIVISION.

Platoons of Police; W. H. Meldrum, Chief.
Chief Marshal, E. W. Davis and Staff.
Band.
Drum Corps, Drums Muffled.
First Brigade National Guard, colors and arms draped in mourning, Brevet Major General
J. W. Plume, Commanding.
Fifth Regiment.
Second Battalion.
First Battalion.
Ninth Regiment.
First Regiment.
Fourth Regiment.

The military presented a fine appearance, and as the several regiments marched along the line, with the bands playing appropriate music, the scene was grand in the extreme.

SECOND DIVISION.

Band.
Drum Corps.
S. V. C. Van Rensselaer, Assistant Marshal.
Lincoln Post, No. 11, G. A. R.
Hexamer Post, No. 34.
Band.
Damascus Commandery, Knights Templar,
Orlando Greacen commanding, marching in the form of a cross.
Catafalque,
Drawn by six horses, draped in black and surrounded by Sir Knights as guard of honor.
Drum Corps.
Phil Kearny Post, G. A. R.
Garfield Post.
German Veteran Association.
Eighth Regiment Veteran Association,
"Hooker's Old Guard."

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THIRD DIVISION.

Band.
John Muller, Assistant Marshal.
Uniformed Patriarchs, Newark Commandery, numbering one hundred men, Julius Drees in command.
Band.
Masonic Lodges, several hundred men in line, William D. Kinney Commanding.
Band.
Independent Order of Odd Fellows, and Knights of Honor, J. W. Murphy, commanding.
Knights of Pythias.
United Order of Red Men.
Druids.
Wilkinson Engineer Corps.
Randolph Light Cuards.
Halsey Engineer Corps.
Frelinghuysen Lancers and Engineer Corps.
Young Mens' Catholic Association.
Friendship and Benevolent Club. (colored).
Citizens mounted and on foot.

FOURTH DIVISION.

Band.
Drum Corps.
James F. Connelly, Assistant Marshal.
Carriages containing Mayor Fiedler, Chancellor Runyon, Congressman Jones, Hon. T. B. Peddie, Senator Francis, Judges, Members of the City Government, Aqueduct Board, Trustees of City Home, New Jersey Veteran Association, Committee of the Chosen Freeholders, with other prominent citizens.

FIFTH DIVISION.

Drum Corps.
John S. Hughson, Assistant Marshal.
This division consisted wholly of the boys of the Public Schools, about seven hundred being in line.

SIXTH DIVISION,

D. E. Benedict, Assistant Marshal,
Was composed of the Fire Department and ex-firemen, to the number of about 500 men.

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The entire line of march was densely crowded by citizens and people from all parts of the State, who had come to this city for the express purpose of witnessing the ceremonies. It is estimated that at least one hundred thousand people stood in the streets of the line of march. The dense sea of human beings, stretching as far down Broad from Market as possible to distinguish, slowly dividing towards each curb as the head of the column advanced with slow and measured step to the dirge, the sombre trimmings of the buildings, the ceasless tolling of the bells, the discharge of the minute guns, the reverential demeanor of the masses as the catafalque passed by, drawn by its six palled horses led by grooms wearing deep badges of mourning, the whole guarded by the Sir Knights in full regalia, the appearance of rival political organizations side by side uniting to do homage to the illustrious departed, the aged man with gray hair, and hundreds of school-boys marching in line, made a scene solemn and impressive—such an one as will never be forgotten till the youngest school-boy in that vast assemblage shall pass away.

AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

The building, both outside and in, was appropriately decorated. The audience filled every part of the vast auditorium, many ladies being present. Upon the stage were seated about four hundred of Newark's most prominent citizens. The programme was four-paged, as follows:

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MEMORIAL SERVICES

HELD AT

NEWARK, N. J.,

ON THE OCCASION OF THE BURIAL OF

JAMES A. GARFIELD,

President of the United States,

Monday Evening, Sept. 26th, 1881.

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James A. Garfield,

BORN, NOV. 19, 1831.

INAUGURATED PRESIDENT, MARCH 5, 1881.

ASSASSINATED, JULY 2, 1881.

DIED, SEPT. 19, 1881.

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EXERCISES.

INTRODUCTION of the
Presiding Officer, Hon. THEO. RUNYON,
By the Chairman of the Committee.

DIRGE, ... PROFESSOR VOSS' BAND.

PRAYER, . . . REV. J. F. STEARNS, D. D.

CHORUS, . . GERMAN SINGING SOCIETIES.
MAX. BRAUN, Leader,
"Der Abend Sinkt."—ABT.

ADDRESS, ... JUDGE C. S. TITSWORTH.

MUSIC, ... PROFESSOR VOSS' BAND.

QUARTETTE, ... ARION.
"Forsche nacht Gott!"—KREUTZER.

ADDRESS, ... HON. A. Q. KEASBEY.

CHORUS, ... GERMAN SINGING SOCIETIES.
MAX BRAUN, Leader.
"Die Ruhe."—ABT.

BENEDICTION, . . . REV. HENRY BAKER.

MUSIC, ... PROFESSOR VOSS' BAND.

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Citizen's Committee.

HON. WILLIAM H. F. FIEDLER, *Chairman.*

THOMAS B. PEDDIE,	W. H FRANCIS,
S. S. SARGEANT,	W. O. MC DOWELL,
GEO. A. HALSEY,	A. M. HOLBROOK,
DR. C. S STOCKTON,	H. M. CROWELL,
AUGUST A. SIPPEL,	C. H. HARRISON,
WILLIAM E. PINE,	J E. FLEMING,
WILLIAM A. RIGHTER,	J. W PLUME,
FREDERICK H. TEESE,	J S. HUGHSON,
DR. H. H. TICHENOR,	E. A. CAMPBELL,
EDMUND L. JOY,	S. V. C. VAN RENSSELAER,
W. H. BALDWIN,	E. W. BARNARD,
F. S. FISH, *Secretary,*	JOHN MULLER,
F. A. JOHNSON,	J. F. CONNELLY,
C. NUGENT,	HENRY DENGLER,
LEOPOLD GRAF,	GEO B SANFORD,
GEO. B. JENKINSON,	MARTIN B. PROVOST,
JOHN DWYER,	WILLIAM BONNET,
DR F. ILL,	WILLIAM CARROLTON,
OBA WOODRUFF,	ADAM TURKES,
E W. DAVIS,	JOHN BELL.

Full charge and direction of the Platform is delegated to Senator WM. H FRANCIS.

Full charge and direction of the Hall is delegated to F. S. FISH, *Secretary of Committee.*

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About eight o'clock, Hon. William H. F. Fiedler, Mayor of the City, and Chairman of the Citizen's Committee, arose and introduced Hon. Theodore Runyon, Chancellor of the State, as Presiding Officer of the evening. Mr. Runyon, on assuming the chair, in the most feeling and eloquent manner addressed the meeting. His address, together with those of Judge C. S. Titsworth and Hon. A. Q. Keasbey, are herein printed in full. After the introduction of Chancellor Runyon, the exercises as in the programme were carried out. The German Singing Societies under the leadership of Prof. Max Braun, rendered each chorus in the most impressive, grand and harmonious manner. A quartette from among their number sung a most beautiful selection.

After the address of Judge Titsworth, Mrs. Clementine Lasar-Studwell, came unexpectedly upon the stage, and in the most feeling and exquisite manner, as only those who heard her can appreciate, sung that sublime composition of Handel's—"I know that my Redeemer liveth." This not being on the programme of exercises, was a surprise to the entire audience, who listened in breathless silence as she poured out her soul in the melody of that most eloquent piece of music. Nothing more appropriate and touching could have occurred. She was accompanied by Mr. S. A. Ward at the organ.

The addresses of both the orators of the evening were most attentively listened to and appreciated by the audience. Late in the evening the exercises of the day came to a close. A well-executed, complete and eloquent tribute to the honor and memory of a martyred President endeared in the hearts of fifty millions of people.

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INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS OF CHANCELLOR RUNYON.

The nation is sitting in the shadow of a great sorrow. Its Chief Magistrate has been removed by death, under circumstances unspeakably distressing. By the hand of an assassin, he was struck down in the plenitude of his powers, crowned with honors, and at the very threshold of a promising administration. Through long months, while he lingered, the whole nation watched at his bedside in alternate hope and fear, praying that his life might be spared. And when at last the end was reached, the midnight bells all over the land tolled out the universal grief. To-day he has been laid away in his grave, amid the sighs of the whole people. Though the emblems of sadness, the shrouded flags, the muffled drums, the funeral marches and the sable draperies impressively attest the popular sorrow—a sorrow so universal that it almost is as if death had invaded every household—yet it is fit that, as thoughtful and patriotic people, we should assemble and give expression to our appreciation of the high qualities for which he was distinguished, and to our detestation of the act by which he was stricken to his death. The chosen of the people, he has fallen not only while he was President, but because he was President. The blow that struck him, struck the whole people also. In his career he illustrated most signally and usefully the benign character of our institutions, and showed how merit, unaided by the adventitious advantages of birth or wealth, may make its way to the highest honors. He set a valuable example of patriotism in the alacrity with which he responded to every call of his country, whether to her legislative halls, the field of battle or her most exalted and difficult station. He has

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left a magnificent record of Christian patience, fortitude and courage in the last dreadful trial. A world looked in upon his bed of sickness and death with admiration for his uncomplaining patience, and the unflinching bravery with which he maintained the unequal struggle to the last; and the earnest entreaties of the whole people went up to God unceasingly for him and his devoted wife and family. Now that he is gone—now that our dead is buried out of our sight—it only remains to us to give voice to our sorrow, to honor his memory and draw lessons of patriotism and wisdom from his example.

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ADDRESS OF JUDGE C. S. TITSWORTH.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND FRIENDS:

As children and kindred returning from the grave where they have laid away the precious dust of the beloved head of the family, gather at the homestead to comfort and console each other and to consult together for their mutual good in future days, so, in like spirit and with such feelings of kinship, are we assembled here. Sad, indeed is the cause of our meeting. A brilliant light has been extinguished. A noble man has passed from earth. The land is draped in habiliments of mourning. The world is moved to tears. Such an exhibition of genuine grief has no parallel in all history. Have ever before such tender messages of true sympathy from all earthly kings and queens and princes and rulers came to any afflicted family? In grateful acknowledgement we fervently exclaim: "God save Queen Victoria and bless her, and God save and bless all kings and rulers."

The funeral this day, in the beautiful City of Cleveland, in the great State of Ohio, has touched humanity. All over this broad land business has been suspended, the wheels of trade and commerce stopped and the hum of busy industry stilled, while all the people, without regard to nationality, sect or party, have unitedly and reverently bowed around the solemn burial. It is recorded in sacred history of Asa, the King of Judah, "whose heart was perfect all his days, that they buried him in his own sepulchre which he had made for himself in the city of David, and laid him in the bed which was filled with sweet odors and divers kinds of spices prepared by the apothecary's art; and they made a very great burning for him." So, tenderly and mournfully was Garfield buried. Before the suffering life was ended, how men and women prayed and verily

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besieged the throne of sovereign Grace, that his life might be saved. Was there ever such earnest praying throughout Christendom? The exalted and the humble, all alike and everywhere, felt the distress.

For eighty long days the prayer was ever ascending: "O God, be merciful; O God, hear our cry. O Lord, spare this precious life." The whole earth made this one appeal to high Heaven. And shall we now feel that it was all in vain? No, no, no,—God's ways are not man's ways. His wisdom is infinite. We cannot comprehend, but we can trust and bow in humble submission to the will of Almighty love. My friends, this is not the first instance of prayer being heard and apparently denied. The blessed Lord, when in the darkness of the Garden prayed "Abba, Father, all things are possible unto thee; take away this cup from me; nevertheless, not that I will but what thou wilt." This was the cry of the humanity of the Blessed One. The Father withdrew his face and the prayer was denied. The Divine purposes cannot be thwarted by prayer, even though the prayer be offered by the Beloved Son. What glorious results have followed from the sufferings and death of Christ! The resurrection was thereby proved to man. The life to come made plain to every son and daughter of Adam. Salvation made possible for every believing soul. Blessings beyond the power of tongues to tell have for these 1800 years enriched, and will continue to enrich, until "the last syllable of recorded time," human souls, because that prayer in the garden was not granted. Who shall tell what God in His infinite wisdom and mercy has in store for us as a people? Who can tell the blessed outgrowth from this death? Let censorious skeptics be silent and see. Shall we murmur now? Have not the evidences been full and convincing that the Sovereign Ruler of the Universe has been with our nation in all the past? Is

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it not manifest to every thoughtful mind that the landing at Plymouth Rock was not by chance? The hardships and privations of the early settlers prepared them and their descendants for the struggle of the American Revolution. The Revolution worked out the problem of American liberty and developed the genius through which our Constitution was framed, and this new government established. Since that day, does not the sound logic of events show as conclusively as a mathematical demonstration, that the great changes which have taken place have been under a Divine direction, to purify and strenghten us as a nation? Were God's favored people more plainly led by the cloud and pillar of fire, than have been the American people, by His hand? There have been distracting troubles and bloody seas to cross, but these have always preceded grand successes and victories. No cross, no crown, is as true of national, as of individual life.

And to what an eminence have we come among the nations of the earth! The rights of every citizen, over 50,000,000 in number, to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness guaranteed. The humblest and the proudest alike secured. Surely, God has been with us and is with us now in this shadow. This affliction has brought us very near to each other. The animosities and bitter contentions which have characterized party strife in the past, are buried in the sacred silence of this grave. Let there be no resurrection for the evils that have so beset and corrupted our political life.

Dispute and strife we must have while minds differ, but why not conduct the strife like rational beings, with truth, argument and high-minded sense and appeal to the judgment, the conscience and the heart?

Cannot our political differences hereafter be debated on a higher plane, so that our elections shall be a manly contest for the best policy and the best men? No more

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of the low appeals to the base passions of our nature; no more of slander and malicious accusation, which tend only to mislead the ignorant and the unwary. In this matter, as a people we have been greatly in fault, nor has one party been less guilty than another.

It cannot be denied that many good men shrink from public life, because they are unwilling to subject themselves to the foul vituperations that nomination to office so commonly excites.

If the American people would now resolve that in the future, all libelous, false and unworthy denunciation of distinguished men, holding public office, and of all candidates therefor, should cease, this new-made grave would be brilliant with a glory that would fill the nation, and our tongues would say in one united voice "Garfield died not in vain."

As did the immortal Lincoln, so has Garfield in his life, again illustrated the grand possibilities of American citizenship. His career is replete with magnificent achievement, beginning in the humblest condition, in a lowly log cabin, with a garret reached by a common ladder, and ending in the mansion of the chief magistracy of the nation, whence he is borne to his grave, a hero in every true sense, on the hearts of all the people of this, if not of every land. And this success came to him by his own exertions, aided only under God, by a mother's love and the cheer of an affectionate wife. Two months less than fifty years was the full span of his life, the first half of which was spent in toilsome struggle for bread and education, and the last half was given to the earnest development of the forces of his nature, in the service of his God and his country. In every place to which he was called to act, as boy or man, on the farm, in the shop, in the school, in the army, in the halls of legislation, and in the highest executive office of the Government, in the church and in the State, he was faithful and true, ripening more and more

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into the pure scholar, patriot, statesman and Christian. That ladder which, as a boy, he climbed to the garret of the cabin of his poor widowed mother, on retiring to his nightly rest, was significant of his manly climbing in his maturer years. He could not rest without climbing.

"And, moving up from high to higher,
Became, on fortune's crowning slope,
The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire."

It is not for me here and now to speak, except in general terms, of this remarkable man. That he has been a blessing to humanity, in his life, and in his death, is written in every beating heart. His dying and death are the magnificent flowering of a noble life.

"Have you heard the tale of the aloe plant,
Away in the sunny clime,
By humble growth, of a hundred years,
It reaches its blooming time?
And then, a wonderous bud at its crown
Breaks out into thousand flowers.
This floral queen, in its blooming seen,
Is the pride of the tropical bowers.
But the plant to the flower is a sacrifice,
For it blooms but once, and in blooming dies.

Have you further heard of this aloe plant,
That grows in the sunny clime,
How every one of its thousand flowers,
As they drop in the blooming time,
Is an infant plant, that fastens its roots
In the place where it falls to the ground?
And fast as they drop, from the dying stem,
Grow lively and lovely around;
By dying, it liveth a thousand fold
In the young, that springs from the death of the old.

Have you heard this tale, the best of them all,
The tale of the Holy and True?
He dies, but His life in untold souls
Lives on in the world anew.
His seed prevails; it is filling the earth
As the stars fill the skies above.
He taught us to yield up the love of life
For the sake of the life of love.
His death is our life, His life is our gain,
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain

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Now hear these tales, ye weary and worn,
Who for others do give up your all.
Our Saviour hath told you the seed that would grow
Into earth's dark bosom must fall;
Must pass from the view and die away,
And then will the fruit appear.
The grain that seemed lost in the earth below
Will return many fold in the ear.
By death comes life; by loss comes gain,
The joy for the loss, the peace for the pain."

His distinction is a special encouragement to every dear mother and to every loving wife; and what an example for youth! Study his life, my young friends Consecrate your lives as did he. Strive to be good in every undertaking, and success is sure.

Be earnest, faithful in duty. Be not discouraged because of obstacles; surmount them. Get on a ladder and climb, looking up and reaching up. It matters not how humble your birth, or poor your situation, the highest places are within your power to attain.

The life of Garfield speaks to every young man this language;

"Be just and fear not—
Let all the ends thou aim'st at
Be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's
Then if thou fall'st, O! Cromwell,
Thou fall'st, a blessed martyr."

Mr. Chairman—One word more. Great and brave and good as Garfield was, in all these grand attributes of character, I confidently believe that Arthur will prove a most worthy successor. In every trust which he has thus far borne, he has been found to be as true as the magnet to the pole. He is distinguished for his superior intelligence, remarkable executive ability and perfect uprightness in every walk of life. Let us give him our hearts, and earnestly pray, "God bless President Arthur."

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ADDRESS OF A. Q. KEASBEY.

FELLOW-MOURNERS AT THE GRAVE OF GARFIELD:

It will not be expected that upon such brief notice I shall be able to give adequate voice to the emotion which has clothed this city, in common with every town and hamlet in the land, in the garments of sorrow, and has led us forth by one consent, to march in the great funeral train of the nation, and now at this closing hour to assemble here to pay our final tribute to our dead President, just laid to his everlasting rest.

I remember, many years ago, hearing a famous preacher struggling with the vain attempt to add force and meaning by poor human speech to some manifestation of divine majesty and power, exclaim, "as well strive to fix more firmly on their old foundations the everlasting hills, by binding them with threads of gossamer; as well attempt to plant more securely on their ancient bases the pyramids of Egypt, by spreading over them a spider's web."

This seemed to be a figure of rhetoric so extravagant as to be almost grotesque, but it is weak to express my sense of the futility of attempting to add one other worthy note to the grand acclaim of eulogy that has swelled from the whole civilized world; one other throb of sympathy for suffering to the universal thrill borne on electric nerves from the remotest corners of the earth; one other stone to the mountain monument of fame built by all mankind for "Garfield the Good." How shall I attempt it? Of what avail would it be to add a ripple to the surges, or to seek to gild the gold of human character, refined in the crucible of the highest public trust, and in the fire of an unparalleled suffering? Shall I recount the story of his early days, and tell how from the log cabin in the wilder-

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ness, beside his father's premature grave, and beneath the eye of that noble mother who now totters over his tomb, he did

> "Break his birth's mysterious bar,
> And grasp the skirts of happy chance,
> And breast the blows of circumstance
> And grapple with his evil star?"

Is it not already household knowledge, and will it not for ages long be taught by every parent who shall seek to lift his child to a higher level by the force of noble examples? Shall I relate how at the first tocsin of war, equipped for any strife and prepared for any fate, he dropped his books —his dear companions—and parted with that heroic wife then yearning over him in her young love, and rushed, a full-grown warrior, to turn back the enemy from his fatal foothold in a border State, and then, with sword and voice and pen, upheld his leaders and gave direction to the contest until that critical day of Chickamauga, when, by a deed of daring worthy of a veteran, he turned the tide of battle and endeared himself for all time to the grand army of the Republic?

Are not these things not only written in the books of the chronicles of that great contest, but prattled in the nursery, and taught as part of the history of our country?

Shall I follow him from the camp to the Capitol—sent by those who even then knew that however great in war he would be still greater in council? Or attempt to give some faint echoes of that manly voice, or some picture of that noble form, as he stood among the elders, year after year, and shaped the policy and moulded the destiny of his country through the final struggles of the war, and through the critical ordeal of reconstruction? Or tell how, when the great work of war was done, its ravages repaired, the Union restored, the passions cooled, he still stood there, breasting the passing storm of calumny, ever

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supported by the love of those who knew him best, ever renewed in his charge of public trusts, or lifted to a higher plane, and ever vindicating with a force and eloquence that has never been surpassed, the principles of political and financial economy, and the fundamental grounds of public policy and conduct, which led us up to the high position upon which the whole world looked with admiration, when his eyes closed upon the scene of his labors on the anniversary of Chickamauga?

Shall I attempt to give an outline of his brief career as the successor of Washington and Lincoln, or strive to show how well, in the brief months of health allotted to him, he pressed on to his high ideal, and fulfilled, so far as his brief span permitted, the promises made on the fourth of March, to maintain the supremacy of the nation, to protect the rights of the enfranchised race, to promote the freedom and purity of the ballot, to support a sound system of finance and public credit, to exercise all constitutional powers and all the forces of the people to meet the dangers of illiteracy by the saving influence of universal education, to assert the right of the United States to supervise any interoceanic canal, to break up by law the surviving relic of barbarism, polygamy, in Utah, and to promote the reform of the civil service?

Alas, the echoes of this noble declaration of purposes in his high trust had scarcely died away among the columns and arches of the Capitol, when he was borne with wasted frame and sealed lips across the very spot where they were uttered, to lie beneath the majestic dome, so that the people might come and grieve that the heart which so loved his country could beat no more for her, and the mind so full of lofty thoughts and aims for her good had vanished from the shattered frame.

But why seek to portray, even in outline, the features of this striking career of only eighteen years as statesman

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and President? What corner of the land is not full of his labors? Who can hereafter recite the political history of the United States of America from 1763 to 1881 without at the same time pronouncing his eulogy?

Who shall not rejoice hereafter—when time shall inevitably blunt the edge of national grief and mitigate the disappointment for such an end of such a career—that, short as it was and bitterly as it ended, it was long enough and glorious enough to fix his place forever in American history as

> "The man of long enduring blood,
> The warrior, statesman, moderate, resolute,
> Whole in himself, a common good.
> Great in council, and great in war,
> Rich in saving common sense,
> And, as the greatest only are,
> In his simplicity sublime?"

Again, shall I, in the vain effort to express the emotions which have called us here, strive to depict the features of that awful tragedy which has held enchained the thoughts and sympathies of the civilized world for all those weary weeks, since the shot from the hand of a fiend or a madman broke upon the silence of that Summer morning and went sounding on around the world?

Or follow that manly form stricken to death, to the house so full of high hopes and pure affections, but to be shrouded in an instant with a pall so strange and awful? Or unveil again the arena about which we have all stood for months, the tortured witnesses of that scene of the strong man wrestling with death—so tragic, so pitiful, so fearfully prolonged, with fragile wife and tender children involved, as it were, in the same death grasp—that the group of the Laocoon in the Vatican becomes a feeble image of the horrible reality?

Shall I paint that peaceful end beside the sea, when, with a last longing gaze across the immensity of the

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waters, as a dying eye might peer into the spaces of eternity, and with the clinging grasp of wife and friend, the long agony was over and the unfinished labors done, and

> "Fallen at length that tower of strength
> That stood four-square to all the winds that blew?"

Or describe that scene which I saw on the morning of the twentieth of September, when, from all the country-side, men came with wives and children to gaze upon the face which had so long filled their dreams and thrilled them with new sympathies, and to see the form of the dead President borne to its strange hearse, in which the very power of steam was subdued to silence, and the great iron wheels seemed to hush their natural sounds, and moved with their burden softly away to the music of the waves?

Shall I follow that rapid, shrouded funeral train to the Capitol, where all that was mortal of the twentieth President of the United States was laid beneath the dome in the centre of the scene of his labors—where the people whom he served and loved might pay their last tribute to his memory, and where the bells should be tolled,

> "And a deeper knell in their hearts be knolled,
> And the sound of the sorrowing anthem rolled
> Through the dome"

of the Capitol which had so often echoed with his voice lifted in the service of the state?

Or seek to lift the veil which hid that solemn parting when the stricken wife crept in alone beneath those solemn arches to take her last look, and to sunder the last ties that bound her to the earthly form of the husband of her youth, the pride of her life, and the example of her children?

And shall I follow again that strange procession,

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fluttering its black drapery, and speeding swiftly over valley and mountain, always through long lines of silent, sorrowful faces, gathered from city and town, from hamlet and farm, simply to gaze in unspoken sorrow and awe upon the martyr cut down in his prime by a foul hand, and borne to the scenes where he was equipped for his labors, where his people might pay their last tribute and render thanks to the Giver of one who

> "Cared not to be great—
> But as he saved or served the state;"

and might

> "Render him to the mould,
> Where he shall rest forever
> Among the wise and the bold?"

Again I ask, of what avail to recount these scenes, so vivid in all minds, or to recall the incidents of those long days of agony and suspense, which are a part of our daily thoughts and will be told to coming generations as one of the two strange tragedies of assassination that marked the first century of the American Republic? If I should do anything, it would be only to point to his wounds—"those poor dumb mouths, and bid them speak for me."

And once more shall I dare to add fuel to the flame of popular indignation that would have consumed the assassin but for the shield which the law he has outraged held before him? Shall I seek to define the nature and motives of his crime, or declare the just measure and place of its punishment? Oh, no! I would not mar the dignity of this last hour of obsequies nor disturb the nobler emotions that lift us up above the waves of passion by giving a word or thought to the murderer.

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." Let us leave him to the present hell of his own remorse, and to the orderly and passionless machinery of legal retribution as the only proper instrument of divine justice. Let

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us only say, when we remember that bruised and wasted frame now sleeping by the shore of Lake Erie, as Marc Antony exclaimed as he stood alone by the body of Cæsar:

> "Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
> That ever lived, in the tide of times;
> Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!"

What, then, my friends, shall I say that shall accord with the feelings that have brought us here to-night, when at last the grave has closed over him, to testify our appreciation of his work done for us, our sorrow that he was not spared to close it, our faith that

> "Doubts not that for one so true
> There must be other, nobler work to do,
> And victor he must ever be,"

and our joy in the assurance that

> "His triumph will be sung
> By some yet unmoulded tongue
> Far on in summers that we shall not see?"

What can I say? It shall not be of the past. I will "speak no more of his renown."

> "The dead march wails in the people's ears,
> The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears,
> The black earth yawns, the mortal disappears."
> "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust:
> He is gone who seemed so great,
> Gone; but nothing can bereave him
> Of the force he made his own
> Being here, and we believe him
> Something far advanced in state,
> And that he wears a truer crown
> Than any wreath that man can weave him."

Let us turn to the present and the future. In the fine words of George Macdonald, "Yesterday is as much our past as the bygone century." Garfield is dead. Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Garfield, stand as landmarks to guide us, and monuments to inspire us, in the narrow limits of the first century of our national life; two of them

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encircled with the crown and breathing the perpetual inspiration of the martyr—the last anointed with the consecration of the sympathy of the entire civilized world.

What have we to rejoice in, as we now shall put aside the tokens of sorrow and address ourselves to the duties of the immediate present and of the future which shall soon become history?

Nearly twenty centuries ago the master of the Roman world, which then embraced our mother country as one of its remote outlying islands, was stabbed in the Senate House, and fell dead at the foot of Pompey's statue, the victim, not of one man's wicked frenzy, but of a political cabal. When, many centuries after, the master of the expression of human emotions, in a language then unknown, strove to paint the passions and hopes of the hour, excited by that tragedy, he placed Marc Antony alone above the bleeding body of Cæsar and put into his mouth this prophecy, too well fulfilled:

> "Over thy wounds now do I prophesy
> * * * * *
> A curse shall fall upon the limbs of men,
> Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
> Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
> * * * * *
> And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
> With Ate by his side, come hot from hell,
> Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice
> Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war;
> That this foul deed shall smell above the earth,
> With carrion men groaning for burial."

What a contrast to this picture do we display in this new country of modern freedom and order, grown up beyond the distant seas, on a continent over which the Roman eagle never swept! If in some future century, another, and it may be a greater master of the English tongue, then become universal as a vehicle of human speech, shall strive to paint our tragedy of assassination, how different will be his picture! No angry passions

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embroiling the people of the dead ruler in civil war or domestic fury. No spirit of the slaughtered chief ranging for revenge, and letting slip the dogs of partisan strife; but rather the people hushed for months in suspense over the danger of their beloved head, tortured by his long agony, striving in prayer and hope for his deliverance, and at last laying him to rest,

> "To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation
> Mourning when their leaders fall,"

and then soberly and quietly turning to the duties of the present, and laboring to gather up and perpetuate the fruits of his life—too brief for aught but his own fame,—and his own gentle and benignant spirit hovering in benediction over the country which he served.

The historian will have to speak of passions cooled, not inflamed, by the long horrors of the tragedy; of the vast machinery of government moving through the months of inability, and across the confines of death, without a jar or a fear; of the successor, upon whose unwilling shoulders the law had cast the burden, hastening to weep over the dead body of his former chief, following him reverently and sadly to his tomb, and then manfully taking up his load, supported by the universal voice of those who mourned for him, and fulfilling, as we fully trust he will, the lofty purposes and aims of the illustrious dead.

And more than this, that future painter of the features of the tragedy it has been our pain to witness, will dwell, with the pride of the higher civilization he will then have reached, on the fact that this crime and its attendant circumstances of prolonged private agony and public grief, seemed to lift this nation and all mankind to a higher moral plane; that, sharp as it was, it was in the broadest sense that "touch of nature" which "makes the whole world kin;" that, with the aid of those electric

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nerves which now bind all mankind together, the fountains of human sympathy were opened as never before in the history of man, and flowed in streams of moral renovation all over the earth.

He will tell how the Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India stepped from her throne and came on the wings of the lightning to whisper words of consolation to her fellow-woman sitting by the bed of suffering and struggling between hope and despair, and when despair prevailed, placed as it were with her own hands upon the coffin, a token of her grief as a woman and her sympathy as a ruler.

He will recall that the London *Times*, the expression of the highest phases of thought and feeling in the Old World, declared, while the funeral train was on its way, "Such a spectacle has never been presented as the mourning with which the whole civilized world is honoring the late President Garfield. Emperors and Kings, Senates and Ministries, are in spirit his pall-bearers; but their peoples, from the highest to the lowest, claim to be equally visible and audible as sorrowing assistants." And that the London *Standard* said, "The universality of sympathy displayed with the American people in their season of dark distress is a circumstance that cannot be overlooked. All civilization, by this one blow, has been put into mourning, and a chastened feeling pervades the homes and hearths of the human race." And that an Englishman wrote yesterday, while the muffled peals were still sounding, these words, which surely mark a large advance towards a higher plane of human nature: "The tones of the bells will find their way across the sea to-morrow, and reach those standing at the grave-side in Ohio, and help to teach the world that three thousand miles of ocean cannot divide the sympathies of two kindred nations when the hand of affliction has been laid heavily on the one or the other."

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He will tell that the "Dead March" is sounding in the cathedral of St. Paul's, and the notes of sorrow reverberating through the arches of the Vatican and awakening the echoes of the spot where Cæsar fell; and that even while I speak, the invisible messenger, swifter than the fabled Mercury, brings to us tidings that in Cairo, under the shadow of the Pyramids, memorial services were held but a few hours ago,—confirming the statement also made to-day by the preacher in Cleveland, that three hundred millions of the human race are, in some form and degree, uniting in these solemn obsequies.

He will also recall that the Americans in England met in Exeter Hall on Saturday, to express their sympathy with Mrs. Garfield, and their sense of the affectionate solicitude of the Queen and people of England during the long period of suffering; and that the great American poet who presided over that meeting announced that Sir Moses Monteflore, now in his ninety-seventh year, had telegraphed to Palestine to request that prayers be offered for the President in the synagogues of the four holy cities. How striking is this fact. How it elevates our view of human nature, that a Hebrew noble of England, born before the inauguration of Washington, should speed across the continent, and beneath the seas, a call to prayer by the descendants of Abraham and Jacob, in the cradle of the Christian faith, for the twentieth President of the American Republic! Surely we may rejoice in our grief when we reflect that incidents like these now passing before our eyes, and these currents of human feeling in which we ourselves are borne, encircling the whole earth, will be recalled hereafter as a grand phase in the history of mankind, and as marking a great step onward in the slow but steady march of civilization, and in the gradual refinement and elevation of the average character and feelings of the human race.

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And yet, again, this calamity has another balm. It will be told by the future historian of our tragedy, surveying the course of states and empires, that the phrase that has so long marked the changes of dynasties, so often spoke flippantly, and sometimes almost sneeringly, "The king is dead, long live the king," acquired a new and better significance upon this succession of ours, tragic as it was, in the great office of the President of the United States of America. It will be shown, with a just pride, that although it happened at a time when partisan zeal had been inflamed to unusual bitterness, yet while life and death hung so long in the balance, the strife of tongues was hushed, and when at last the change so widely dreaded came, the wheels of the great machinery of state moved on as quietly as the funeral train, and the successor pointed out by the law, assumed his trust with the generous support of the whole people, and with the personal dignity and solemnity befitting the great transaction. And, moreover, that our representative at the Court of St. James, speaking to his sorrowful countrymen, but in the ear of the British people, expressed the sentiment "Long live the king," in these striking words:

"There is no indecorum in saying what is known to all—that the new President is a gentleman of culture, of admittedly high intelligence, of unimpeachable character, of proved administrative ability, and that he enters on his high duties with a full sense of what such succession implies. I am not one of those who believe that Democracy, more than any other form of government, will go of itself; but, in common with you all, I have imperturbable faith in the honesty, intelligence and good sense of the American people, and in the destiny of the American Republic."

And yet another subject of congratulation in our hour of mourning.

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Just eighteen years before the day when Garfield died, he had been grappling with his fellow-citizens in the field of Chickamauga—in civil war. To-day there is no manly heart in all the South, then burning with the flames of that strife, which does not now beat in unison with all the world in admiration of his virtues and in sympathy with his sufferings. The example and the trial of the soldier President seem to have had some vicarious efficacy to pour the last healing balm upon the closing wounds of our great war, to blot the lines of section with the last ramparts of the battle-fields, and to bind us together in a common brotherhood, rejoicing in the advancing glory of our country.

It would seem as if North or South were ready to repeat now together the majestic words of this martyr, spoken on the anniversary of the martyrdom of Lincoln: "There are times in the history of men and nations when they stand so near the veil which separates mortals from immortals, time from eternity, and men from their God, that they can almost hear the beatings and feel the pulsations of the great heart of the Infinite. Through such a time, this nation has passed. Awe-stricken by his voice, the American people kneel in tearful reverence and make a solemn covenant with Him and with each other, that all the glories of this nation shall be restored, and the temples of freedom and justice shall be rebuilt and shall survive forever."

And now, before the tomb is sealed, and the divine watch is set, let us heed one lesson more. It is not true, in any wide sense, that the evil that men do lives after them and the good is interred with their bones. Evil character perishes and is forgotten. The example of men like Garfield lives forever and is a perpetual benediction. He who shall live in a far distant age, in the riper glories of this republic, and shall behold in the capital, on the

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shores of Lake Erie, and even in distant lands, the monuments and statues which a grateful and sympathizing world will raise in commemoration of James A. Garfield, will know better than we can tell, the blessings that have flowed from the example of such a life and the spectacle of such a death. The young of many coming generations will ponder over his great deeds, and dwell on the pathetic story, and will be inspired with noble impulses and stimulated to higher endeavor, and so will bear on steadily the republic of freedom, of which they will be a part, to higher and yet higher planes in the civilization of the world.

They will remember that on a scroll hanging to-day above his coffin in Cleveland is written:

"Life's race well run,
Life's work well done,
Life's crown well won,
Now comes rest."

They will know by his life and by his death—and the knowledge will be a never-ceasing fountain of public health —that duty leads most surely to earthly as well as heavenly honor and reward. Therefore,

"While the races of mankind endure
Let his great example stand,
Colossal, seen of every hand,
And keep the warrior firm, the statesman pure,
Till in all lands and thro' all human story,
The path of duty be the way to glory."

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OCTOBER 4.

At a meeting of the Citizen's Committee, held at the Board of Trade rooms in the evening, it was resolved, "That a committee of five be appointed to prepare a pamphlet containing a complete history of the proceedings of the Citizen's Committee, and of the Memorial Services, and that the distribution of the same be left with the Committee; and that all surplus funds in hands of Committee be held for benefit of the Michigan sufferers."

The Chair appointed as such Committee, Hon. William A. Righter, Dr. C. S. Stockton, Dr. H. H. Tichenor, Senator William H. Francis, Frederick S Fish.

In accordance with the above action of the Citizen's Committee, the Committee then appointed have endeavored to carry out the spirit of the resolution, and respectfully present this pamphlet as the result of their labors.

WILLIAM A. RIGHTER, *Chairman*,
CHARLES S. STOCKTON,
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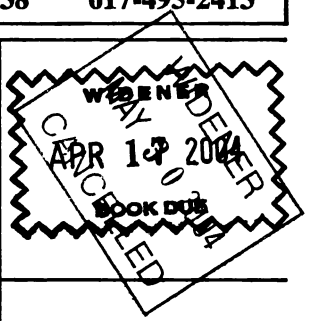

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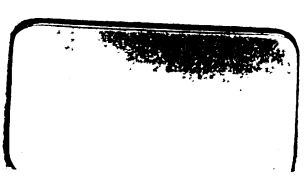

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